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THAD R. MANNING, Editor and Prop'r.
"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."
VOL. VI. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887. NO. 36. SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 a Year.

ONE LIVED, THE OTHER DIED.

A woman formerly our slave is now our cook. About eighteen months ago she became sickly and had a cough and was advised to rest, and it was thought that she had consumption. The treatment by physicians failed to give relief. In December, 1884, a node or knot the size of a goose egg formed just above the pit of the stomach, which when touched discharged matter for 8 or 9 months. One of these also formed under her arm, and three on her back, which discharged matter for a considerable time. For six months of this time she was confined to the house, and most of the time in bed. The stomach often refused food, by rejecting what she had eaten. She used a great deal of medicine, but failed to be cured. I bought one bottle of your B. B. B. (made in Atlanta, Ga.) and gave it to her and she commenced to improve. I then bought and gave her three bottles more, and she continued to improve and in two months time her cough had ceased, her constitution strengthened, appetite and digestion good, all discharges ceased, nodes or knots disappeared and she went to work apparently healthy and fatigued up greatly.

This woman had a married sister of near same age who was afflicted in precisely the same way and about the same time. She had nodes or knots on pit of stomach, back, etc. She did not take any B. B. B. and the nodes on her stomach, as she thought to the cavity. She continued on the decline and wasted away, and finally died.

These were two terrible cases of blood poison, one used B. B. B. and was speedily cured, the other did not use it and died. It is most assuredly a most wonderful blood purifier. I refer to merchants of this town. Yours truly, W. F. ROBINSON, Tishabee, Ala., May 1, 1886.

A SHERIFF RELEASED.

For a period of sixteen years I have been afflicted with catarrh of the head which baffled the use of all medicines used. Seeing the advertisement of B. B. B. I purchased and used six or seven bottles, and although used irregularly have received great relief, and recommend it as a good blood purifier. [Signed] J. K. HOOVER, JR., Sheriff of Hall county, Ga.

Planting Time HAS COME.

Now is the time to plant IRISH POTATOES, and ONIONS, CABBAGE, Sow LETTUCE, TOMATOES, RADISH, BEETS, PEAS, MUSTARD, KALE, SALSIFY, CARROT and PARSNIP ALSO SEED FOR PASTURES, MEADOWS and LOTS, in ORCHARD, TIMOTHY, HERDS GRASS, and RED and SAPPING CLOVER SEED.

I SHALL CONTINUE

—To Improve My—
DRUG STOCK

until it is second to none South of Richmond. My stock of CIGARS, CIGARETTES and TOBACCO is Complete.

I have on hand and shall carry a larger stock of Pains and Painters' goods than ever before. First quality ground colors, specialty.

I carry at all times a nice line of ROY'S FRESH FRENCH CANDIES.

All Prescriptions

and family receipts entrusted to my care will receive the personal attention and only cure, these drugs used in fitting them. In returning thanks to my friends and customers I ask for a continuance of their patronage, and assure them I will spare no efforts to deserve it. A good house, a long experience, and ample capital, I can and will make it to your interest to deal with me. Very Respectfully,

Melvery Dorsey.

F. S. HARRIS, DENTIST HENDERSON, N. C. Office over E. G. Davis Store, Main Street

AN AMERICAN MYSTERY.

COLONISTS OF ROANOKE ISLAND LOST IN 1587.

Their Descendants Believed to be the Croatan Indians of 1887—The Facts in a Very Romantic History—Condition of the Croatans of the Present Day.

[F. A. Olds in Auburn, N. Y., Advertiser.] RALEIGH, N. C., July 29, 1887.

In 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh sent John White with three vessels loaded with colonists to found a settlement on the coast of far away and almost unknown America. White landed on what is now North Carolina, and established his colony on Roanoke Island. A short while after the departure of the fleet for England, leaving the colonists behind, a child was born—the first on American soil. To it was given the name Virginia Dare. The new country so auspiciously settled was named Virginia, after England's "Virgin Queen," Elizabeth, and for the same reason the name Virginia was given the first born. The colonists, when the fleet sailed, were busy preparing their rude homes, and had thrown up a rough fort, after the manner of the time, to guard against a danger which was almost imaginary, so kind were the Indians who lived in that region. The friendliness of the latter was so great that they aided the new comers in every way. The fleet carried to England good tidings of the settlers, "in a land well watered, with a great abundance of fish and game, with grapes and fruits as have not before been seen by Englishmen."

Three years passed and then the mystery began. It had been the plan that in a little while the ships would return and to the colonists, and their numbers augmented by new arrivals from England. But it was three years before a relief expedition sailed. In 1590 it reached Roanoke. Where were the colonists? Echo only answered the question. The people landed, searched the island thoroughly but not a trace was there of the lost colony, save the outlines of the fort and the one word "CROATAN" rudely carved upon the trunk of a tree. There were no Indians, and the colonists had evidently left in a body. There were no graves, no evidences of conflict, nothing to tell any tale of their whereabouts. The word "Croatan" was more than meaningless. The ships finally sailed away with this awful story of the unknown.

For three centuries on both sides of the water, the most melancholy interest has been attached to what came to be known as "the lost colony of Roanoke," an interest which but deepened as the years passed.

Now where and what was Croatan? It was in Tyrrel county, on the North Carolina mainland, and across the sound from Roanoke. It was there the white people went, no doubt at the special request of Indian friends, who promised them a more generous land. To bridge, in one sentence, the space of three centuries of time, the county of Robeson must be visited, for there rests the other end of the mystery of 1587. The Croatans are in Robeson. As the descendants of those old Croatans, whose name was the one link in a chain otherwise lost, and as the descendants also of the lost colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh's ill fated expedition, they can justly lay claim to more of romance than any other people on this continent.

During the recent session of the North Carolina legislature, a member from Robeson county, Mr. Hamilton McMillan, started thought in a new channel by asking for special aid for the Croatan Indians. He declared that a great injustice had been done them in that they had been classed as negroes. He claimed that they were Indians, of a high class, and of historic name and fame, and that they desired and deserved separate schools and special aid. Three hundred years after the colony of White was lost, the descendants of those colonists petition the legislature for aid in educating their teachers—a legislature sitting in a city named after Raleigh, the patron of the colony. The legislature has harkened to the matter and has granted separate schools and special aid for normal schools to the Croatans, meanwhile restoring them to their proper position as Indians and as citizens.

Thus the two ends of the chain were picked up. It now remains to discover the link between. To do this a visit to the Croatans became necessary and in Mr. McMillan's company it was made. The county of Robeson lies on the State's Southern border, adjoining South Carolina, and a hundred miles from Raleigh. The land

there is fertile, much of it in swamp, filled with luxuriant vegetation, while there are vast stretches of the long leaf pine which formerly yielded the staple of North Carolina commerce—tar, pitch and turpentine. The Croatans now living there number 3,000. They have enrolled nearly 1,200 children of school age. They have twenty-six churches, and are divided into Baptists and Methodists. They have in the past few months built good school houses. The very best road in all the state is found there. A century or more ago they opened the great Lowry road from Robeson to Campbellton (a historic Scotch settlement) and this was used as a post road until railroads came. It was along this road that fast riding couriers carried the tidings of the treaty of Ghent to Gen. Jackson at New Orleans in 1815.

Very careful inquiries were made to ascertain the past history to this tribe. The Croatans came to Robeson county (then Bladen) between 1715 and 1732. An investigation of land grants in their possession was made. The oldest grant that could be discovered is dated in 1732, and by it King George II granted a large tract to two chief men of the tribe, named Henry Berry and James Lowry, or Lowrie, who "came from Virginia," as tradition has it, for the Croatans yet speak of Eastern North Carolina as "Virginia." There is said to be a grant by George III to John White but it cannot be discovered. The name of John White is very suggestive. Over twenty names of White's lost colonists are to-day among them.

Many inquiries were made as to tribal traditions. The tradition is common that the tribe formerly inhabited the country around Pamlico Sound, including portions of what are now Carteret and Hyde counties and all of Tyrrel and Dare. Among the Lowry family there is a tradition that their "feythers" (fathers) lived on the shores of Lake Matamuskeet in Hyde county before they came to Robeson county. The best informed men say that Croatan was the name of a place, and that the name was later given the tribe by the English. An intelligent Croatan clergyman says that the true tribal name is Hatteras (or Hattorask, as the Croatans call it). Now here is another link. The Hattorask Indians are the ones who were on Roanoke Island when White's colony landed. No Indians lived habitually on the island; they only went there to fish or hunt, or perhaps for greater coolness in summer.

Another tradition, well preserved, gives another link in the chain of evidence. It is that Lake Matamuskeet, before alluded to, was a "burnt lake," or "lake burnt out of the ground." And so it was, wonderful as it may seem. The soil of Hyde is all peat, and in dry seasons, it occasionally catches on fire. In such a case the very land itself is consumed and pits or depressions are formed, which presently fill with water. The best evidence is that in a vast fire, perhaps centuries ago, Lake Matamuskeet was thus formed. It is thirty miles long, at no place over eight feet deep, and not a fish of any kind has ever been seen in its waters.

But yet facts were discovered. The language of the Croatans is peculiar in tone. They use but two sounds of the letter a—a broad sound of a as in father and the sound of a as in date. The name of Virginia Dare is familiar to their chronicles. The Darr family name has disappeared in Robeson county, but is found among a branch of the tribe in Lincoln county, N. C. One of the Darrs served as a soldier in the United States army in the war of 1812. Their language is peculiar in that it is strictly Anglo-Saxon. It contains many words in common use which have been obsolete for a long period in most of England. For instance, "housen" is the plural of house; "croun" is to push down; for "ask" they say "aks" (Old English); for "father" they say "feyther." Knowledge is spoken of as "wit."

As to family names, over twenty of those held by the long lost colonists are found. James (pronounced in the old English way, James). Lowry is a very common name among them. The name of Locklear is also found, and Cuzzie Locklear is one of the oldest living members. The name Dial was formerly Doyle. The name Goins was once O'Gwin. Priscilla and Rhoda are the most common names of women, and Henry that of men. One of the oldest men is Aaron Revels, who is more than one hundred years of age. He is an uncle of Senator Revels, of Mississippi. The prevalence of the name Lowry has been referred to. According to tradition a man named James Lowry came from "Chesapeake" and married in the tribe, and became the progeni-

tor of a large and influential family. That family, at the time the tribe broke up, moved away from Roanoke section, went up to Western North Carolina, perhaps to Buncombe. Lowry's descendants, they say, were "leaders among men." Governor James Lowry Swain, who after serving as Chief Magistrate of North Carolina was for over a quarter of a century President of the State University, was a descendant, as was also Lieutenant Governor James Lowry Robinson, of this State.

They have always, their traditions say, been warm friends of the white people. It is said that long ago they fought Bonell (Barnwell) in the wars against the Indian tribes. Many of them were in the continental army in the war of the revolution, and a company was sent to fight the British in the war of 1812. The English names of men in these companies are remarkable as those of White's colonists in many cases. Some of the Croatans were slave owners, and some kept houses of entertainment for travelers. Their cleanliness is a characteristic. Physicians who practice among them speak of this and say they never hesitate about sleeping or eating in the house of a Croatan. They are a hospitable people also, and very obliging. They are proud of their race and have far stronger race prejudice than either whites or negroes. They are the best of friends, but the most dangerous of enemies. Indian characteristics are marked. Their fondness for cloth of a red color is remarkable, and in this most of their women are dressed. They march in "Indian file" in their travels. They are reticent unless one gains their confidence. They are of all colors, from pure white to black. Many of them can with difficulty be distinguished from white people.

Their women are in many cases beautiful, with superb figures, as voluptuous in some cases as those of the far-famed Hawaiian maidens. One of their most beautiful women was Rhoda Lowry, who was sometimes spoken of as "Queen Rhoda." Their movements are grace itself, and the dress is worn in a most becoming way, though simple in texture and design.

The Croatans were recognized as white people, and attended the same schools with white pupils. But in 1835, another curious thing in their eventful history occurred. They were deprived of the right to vote, and classed "free persons of color" under an amendment to the State Constitution, adopted that year which prohibited that class from voting or attending school. The Croatans allege that they were deprived of voting to effect a change in the politics of their county. They were not allowed to attend school from 1835 to 1868. Since the latter date some of the poorer class attended the public colored schools. But that is an end. They are now a race apart, fully recognized and cared for educationally.

Some seventeen years ago a member of the tribe, Henry Berry Lowry, disgraced it by becoming the chief of a band of outlaws, which for months terrorized that section and caused a national sensation. Finally they were killed and the blot was wiped out.

Such is the history of the Croatans, from 1587 to 1887. They were dwellers in Tyrrel, Dare, etc., who happened to be on Roanoke Island. They induced White's colonists to go to the mainland with them. They intermarried and out of regard for the white race, the latter's family names were chosen. After years of life in Eastern Carolina the tribe, after the manner of many others, moved to other places and chose Robeson as its main abiding place. The rest has been told, part on well grounded tradition, part on well known facts. The Croatans of to-day deserve a double place in history.

It is pleasant to mention that the State of North Carolina, which named its capital Raleigh, after the worthy Sir Walter, has named its Easternmost county Dare, in honor of that little tribe whose eyes first saw the light there, and whose name goes down into the romance of history.

F. A. OLDS. A special appeal is made to North Carolinians to contribute towards erecting a monument to the memory of General A. P. Hill. His troops were in the main from North Carolina.

The chronic grumbler is the fellow with a very small soul, who is forever wanting things different from what they are. He complains at everything—nothing suits him. It either rains too little or too much or at the wrong time for him. When crops are short he complains about the high price of provisions and feed, and when abundant about the low price. He deserves no sympathy and ought to be black-balled.

BEFORE DEATH.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

How much would I care for it, could I know, That when I am under the grass or snow, The ravelled garment of life's brief day, Folded and quietly laid away; The spirit let loose from mortal bars, And somewhere away among the stars; How much do you think it would matter then? What praise was lavished upon me, when, Whatever might be its stint or store, It neither could help nor harm me more? If midst of my toil, they had but thought To stretch a finger, I would have caught Gladly such aid, to bear me through Some bitter duty I had to do; And when it was done, had I but heard One breath of applause, one cheering word— One cry of "Courage!" amid the strife, So weighted for me, with death or life— How would it have nerved my soul to strain Through the whirl of the coming surge again!

What use for the rope, if it be not flung Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung? What help in a comrade's bugle blast When the peril of Ahi's heights is past? What need that the spurring pean roll? When the runner is safe beyond the goal? What worth is eulogy's blanded breath When whispered in cars that are lashed in death? No! No! If you have but a word of cheer, Speak it, while I am alive to hear!

A FINE ORATION.

Memorial Address of J. M. Leach, Jr. [Charlotte Chronicle.]

The memorial address of Mr. J. M. Leach, Jr., of Lexington, delivered at Greensboro in May last, has been printed in pamphlet form. A copy is upon our table and we have read it with pleasure, for Mr. Leach is a young man of vigorous intellectual force and splendid literary attainments. His mind is of a strong philosophical bent, and possesses keen analytical powers. We heard him several years ago, deliver a literary address before Yadkin College and his address now before us is but the fulfillment of the promise he there gave of a clear thinker and forcible and polished speaker. In this sphere in which he so gracefully moves, he plucks the rarest buds and the sweetest literary blossoms and garlands them with the beauty and finish of a skilled workman.

The two leading thoughts of the address before us are "that to be as great as those whose virtues we commemorate we must be greater;" and "that, although parties, civilizations and nations may pass away, Humanity races for better goals, and grandly marches to loftier achievements." The line of argument is that our fallen dead have left us a shining example in that they fought bravely the battles of life and performed their individual duty as true men. While the youth of the present day are not engaged in war's cruel carnage there are conflicts to overcome, battles to be fought in the duties of life and vital questions to be met in the affairs by which they are surrounded.

In the language of the speaker, "we have our battles to fight as did the loved dead. War is to be waged against ignorance, discontent, inequality and license. The possibility of being greater than those who came not back is suggested by our marvelous advantages over them, and by the beautiful words of Sir Isaac Newton, who, when praised as being the greatest of scientists, said, with the modesty that characterizes the highest genius: 'If I have seen further into science than Kepler or Descartes it is because I stand upon the shoulders of giants.' We stand upon the shoulders of moral giants—men who died for conscience."

The address shows conclusively that the talented young speaker is an advance thinker. He deals in a very forcible way with one of the great problems of the future. That "between the skirmish lines of strikes," and other suicidal policies of labor, on the one hand, and the absurd demands of capital that the theory of our government be changed from the protection and culture of the individual to the protection of property alone, on the other, the great battle is to be fought."

There are many forcible arguments and apt illustrations of the policy to be pursued in overcoming the conflicts between these two great elements. The address is by a young man and it comes to young men full of food for thought and examples worthy of emulation. The peroration is upon Hope, and like the bow of promise, it spans the entire effort with a cheerful gleam. It is in these words:

When the worst has been said of our society, reasons remain for believing that the present, with its blemishes, is the brightest picture which history has painted upon the canvass of time; but, let us believe that a more perfect painting will be executed by the master artist Humanity. We should have hope in the unborn genius of Americans, Anglo-Saxons, Aryans, "Sons of light." Hope in knowledge gained from the sad experiences of the "great majority" who have gone before us, that the rising currents of human

charity that will overflow the banks of selfishness until the evangelizing and humanizing societies, stretching out their kind arms, will at last press the four quarters of the globe to their bosom, until human sympathy—sweet as mothers' lullaby to drowsy babe—will extend the circle of its influence until it is commensurate with earth's circumference.

Hope in recognition of woman as man's equal in the dignity of labor, in the eloquent words of the poet of the heart—the "sweet singer of Israel"—that "the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever;" that the hour flies swiftly toward us when the majority of men will have means and opportunity of glorifying their Maker by unfolding and developing their individual natures. Hope that the serene Sabbath of justice, and the sweet calm of "the greatest good to the greatest number" will succeed the storm of wealth's domination; that the love of the imperishable soul will be greater than love of perishable money. Hope in the church—the crowning glory of the age—the great heart of which throbs with divine energy to-day than ever before. Hope in the press, "mightiest of the mighty means, on which the arm of progress leans." Hope in the school—that the temples of Minerva will multiply until light streams where darkness reigns.

Hope in the new revelations of God, science daily gives. Hope that the dreams and prophecies of earth's patriot sages are not in vain, and that the strength of freedom will prove irresistible.

Hope that the grey streaks of national culture, and the growing purple of moral achievement between the tender light and rising glories of a cloudless day.

Hope in the gospel of hope and hope in the God of our fathers.

Cutting and Housing Tobacco.

[R. L. Ragland, Hico, Va.]

Do not be in a hurry to begin cutting your tobacco until it is ripe, and enough fully and uniformly ripe to fill a barn. A thin butcher or shoe knife, well sharpened, and wrapped with a soft cloth around the handle, and extending an inch along the blade, will do the work effectually and be easy to the hand. Try it. Put knives into the hands of experienced cutters only—men who know ripe tobacco, and will select plants uniform in color and texture, and will cut no other. Have your sticks all ready in the field, and placed in piles convenient—sticking a stick vertically in the ground over each pile that they may be more easily found when wanted. Pine sticks, rived three-fourths of an inch by one and one-fourth inch, and four and one-half feet long, drawn smooth, are best.

Start together two cutters and one stick holder—the cutters carrying two rows each and the stick holder walking between them. The cutter takes hold of the plant with his left hand at the top near where the knife enters the stalk; with his right he splits the stalk down the center (observing to guide the knife so as not to sever the leaves) to within three inches of the point he intends to sever the stock from the hill; and as the knife descends his left hand follows the slit or opening, and when the plant is severed from the hill, by a dexterous movement of the left hand the plant is straddled across the stick in the hands of the holder.

When the stick has received about six medium plants, if intended for brights, it is ready to go to the barn, either carried by hand if near, or hauled on a wagon if distant. If it is necessary to use the wagon, prepare a bed three feet long to hold three coops or piles, on which place tobacco as cut, and after placing twenty-five or thirty sticks of cut tobacco on each coop, drive to the barn to be unloaded. Tobacco suitable for brights is best handled in this way, as it is bruised less than if handled by any other mode. Try it planters and know for yourselves. Very heavy tobacco will break less if, after being cut by the above mode, the sticks are placed gently on the ground and the plants allowed to wilt before removed to the barn. But tobacco of medium size bruises less to handle it without wilting. Cutting and housing by this mode you never have any sunburned tobacco. For brights, it has been found best to commence curing at once, as soon as the barn can be filled.

Scientists say the sun is losing its heat. We think the scientists are losing their minds.

A California court recently granted a divorce to a husband on the ground that he was insane when he married. Since then the judge has been overwhelmed with business.

Let the farmer flourish and all other classes will also. Let him be crippled and the business pulse of the whole country is affected thereby. Then let them have annual encampments at different places and new ideas be propagated and disseminated and new life be infused into their business and the whole country will feel the touch of such a blessing.—Laurinburg Exchange.

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